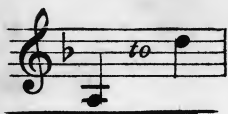
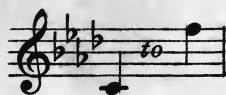


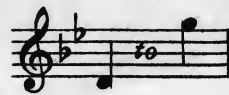
Nº 1 IN F



Nº 2 IN A^b



Nº 3 IN B^b



SUNG BY
REINALD WERRENATH

YOUR SONG FROM PARADISE



The Words by
MONTEREY P. BROOKTON

The Music by
SYDNEY BARLOW BROWN



BOOSEY & CO., LTD.
STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK: 111-113 WEST 57TH ST.
— AND —
LONDON 295 REGENT ST. W. I.

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Your Song from Paradise

Across the daisy fields I heard you singing,
 Your lilting song came floating through the air;
 In harmony the twilight bells were ringing,
 And all the world was young and fair;
 "I love you, I love you, I love you,"
 Across the daisy fields I heard you singing,
 "I love you, I love you, I love you,"
 And all the world was young and fair.

But daisies long have lost their magic seeming,
 And o'er the fields the wild winds sigh and moan,
 While far away you sleep in peaceful dreaming,
 And on my weary way I go alone.
 But still I hear the bells of twilight ringing,
 And I can see the lovelight in your eyes,
 As o'er the daisy fields I hear you singing
 Your song divine from Paradise—
 "I love you, I love you, I love you,"
 Across the long, long years I'll hear you singing,
 "I love you, I love you, I love you,"—
 Your song divine from Paradise.

Words by
 MONTEREY P. BROOKTON

Music by
 SYDNEY BARLOW BROWN

Andantino con moto

VOICE *mf* A - cross the

PIANO *mf*

dai - sy fields I heard you sing - ing, Your lilt - ing

song came floating through the air; In har-mo - ny the two-light bells were

ring - ing, And all the world was young and fair; "I

love you, I love you, I love you," A - cross the dai - sy fields I heard you

sing - ing, "I love you, I love you, I love , you," And all the

world was young and fair.

But dais - ies

long have lost their ma - gic seem - ing, And o'er the

fields the wild winds sigh — and — moan, While far a -

way you sleep in peace-ful dream - ing, And on my

wea - ry way I go a - lone. But still I

hear the bells of twi-light ring - ing, And I can

see the love-light in your eyes, As o'er the

mf

dai - sy fields I hear you sing - ing Your song di - vine from Par - a -

mf

mf

dise — "I love you, I love you, I love you," A - cross the

pp

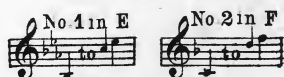
long, long years I'll hear you sing - ing, "I love you, I love you, I

pp *ppp*

love you," Your song di - vine from Par - a - dise.

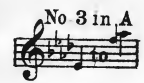
slowly

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS



Words by
G. HUBI-NEWCORBE

THE ENCHANTED GLADE



Music by
LOIS BARKER

Moderato Lento

Night, and a woo-ing bird,— Night, and the ech-oes' call,— The sound of a whisper'd word, And a hush more sweet than

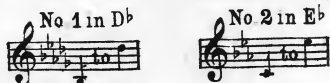
pp rall

Piu mosso

all O, could the star-beams stay, The fair night last for aye, The

rall

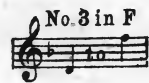
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Words by
DENA TEMPEST

SITTIN' THINKIN'

(THE OLD SHEPHERD'S SONG)



Music by
HOWARD FISHER

Andante. (Rather broad)

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

And when my Shepherd calls me home To fold, to fold at sun's red sink-in', He'll know 'twas how I worshipped

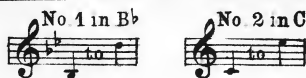
ten. *Lento*

colla voce

Him, Just sit-tin' think-in', sit-tin' think-in'

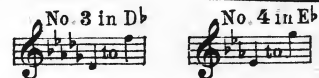
ff *colla voce* *p* *rit.* *pp*

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Words by
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

DUNA



Music by
JOSEPHINE Mc GILL

Con moto. about (84 -)

Sung by Mr. REINALD WERREN RATH

And the lit-tle stars of Du-na, Call me home The lit-tle stars of Du-na call me home, The

pp rit *3*

lit-tle stars of Du na, Call me home.

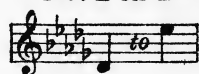
pp a tempo *a tempo* *pp* *ppp*

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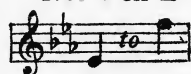
RETROSPECTIVE AND TIMELY — A POETICALLY WISTFUL TEXT
— SET TO —
A MELODY OF RARE CHARM AND UNIVERSAL APPEAL
LILIES OF LORRAINE

Text by
CLIFFORD GREY

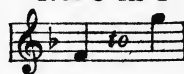
No. 1 in D \flat



No. 2 in E \flat



No. 3 in F



Music by
PIERRE CONNOR

p poco ritard - - - *a tempo* *f* *rit* " (*quasi recit.*) *rall. ten.*

Old Lorraine—a wind-ing lane, Where lil-ies grew, A night of watching stars—and you —

p poco ritard - - - *a tempo* *f* *rit* " *colla voce* " *rall.* *f accel.* *rall.*

REFRAIN: *Con moto*

pp

Lil-ies of Lor-raine — Are call-ing me a-gain, — Though you and I are

pp *p*

ten. " *rall* *a tempo poco affrettando*

far a-part, Their mem-'ry lin-gers in my heart. Years, it seems are vain, — For

rall *a tempo poco affrettando*

poco allarg. *f* *rall e dim.* *pp*

ten-der dreams re-main, — Like the scent of the lil-ies that knew our love:

poco allarg. *f* *p* *rall e dim.* *pp* *ad lib.*

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